New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements.

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Vain Talk of Peace.

Outside of Wall Street no one is likely to take very seriously the current talk of peace in Europe through American mediation. So far as such talk affects stock speculation it may have its uses. But it has no pertinency beyond the boundary lines of the Wall Street district.

There would be no cause for surprise if Ambassador Gerard, when he arrives in this country, should convey to President Wilson the earnest desire of the German government to end the war, or should even present a letter asking the President to sound the Allied governments as to their willingness to discuss peace terms. It is no secret that Germany has been eager for nearly a year past to open peace negotiations. Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg announced in the Reichstag last winter the terms on which the Teutonic allies were willing to make peace. The newspapers have been full of stories—probably somewhat exaggerated—of roundabout German propositions to Russia and to Belgium. The German public longs for the return of peace and the German leaders are more than anxious to effect a settlement while German armies are still fighting on foreign soil and large areas of conquered territory are still available for trading purposes in a peace conference.

But as Germany's desire grows to call the war a draw the determination of the Allies to fight on to the bitter end becomes more justifiable and more inflexible. Time is on the side of the Allies. They have met and stopped the great German offensives of 1914, 1915 and 1916. They have themselves assumed the offensive on all fronts. They possess enormously greater resources, a monopoly of foreign credit and exclusive access to the world's markets. They have the better of the situation from every point of view—military, financial and political. It would be an indefensible weakness—a pitiful surrender of an advantage in position which they have won through enormous sacrifices—for them to consider such terms of peace as the German government is now ready to offer.

To accept the theory that the war has been a draw and to consent to reëstablishing the old status in Europe would mean merely the striking of a hollow truce. Under it there could be no real peace in the world. The security for which the Allied Powers have been fighting would still be unattained. The colossal burdens of the war would have to be borne by all the contestants without any compensation to them, or to neutrals, in the way of international stability and tranquillity. Europe would live in the shadow of another war, for which both political combinations would be preparing with feverish energy.

The Allied Powers have bound themselves not to accept such a peace, and in so doing they have shown the profoundest wisdom. Better two years more of war, whatever the cost, with a real decision at the end, than a patched-up peace and ten or twenty years of preparation for new slaughter.

No peace of the sort which will benefit the world can come until Germany and her allies are forced to confess defeat and to pay the price of failure. Peace is a very costly commodity to nations tired of war. Until the German people want peace more than they want anything else and are willing to ask for it on terms fixed, not in Berlin, but in the Allied capitals, it is idle to think or talk of ending the war through any stroke of legerdemain like American mediation.

Britain and the Berne Convention.

Great Britain has committed another breach of international law in the passage of the second Trading with the Enemy act, disposing of the British copyrights of authors of enemy countries for the period of the war. The bill affects only German authorship, since Austria-Hungary and Bulgaria, like the United States and Russia, are not signatories to the Berne Convention for the international protection of literary property.

The bill temporarily deprives German authors of their British rights by vesting these rights in a Public Trustee, whom it authorizes to make arrangements for the translation and publication of German works in the Kingdom and Colonies without consulting their authors. It also authorizes him to collect and retain all royalties resulting from the sale of these works until after the restoration of peace. The ultimate disposition of these moneys is not made clear, but it has been intimated in the House of Lords that "this arrangement will strengthen our powers of bargaining for proper treatment of British authors in Germany after the war."

Of course, this denial of the rights of private property is defended on high ground. "It will render it possible to translate legally works that hitherto could only be translated illegally," but the arbitrary measure, which is in the fullest sense inimical to the enduring interests of civilization, may have one result which the war government probably did not foresee at all—the automatic exclusion of Great Britain from the enjoyment of the rights and privileges of membership to the Berne Convention. The bill turns that convention into still another "scrap of paper," so far as Great Britain is concerned. One cannot commit a breach of contract and continue to claim from others adherence to its articles. It is the property of her own authors and publishers which the British government really puts in jeopardy by this act. What aid can it be in the prosecution of the war. What harm can it do to the enemy's powers of resistance?

In justice to England, as distinct from her war government and her Parliament, it must be stated that British authors were not consulted in the matter at all, and that the organs of the British publishing trade are united in their condemnation of the measure, not only because of the danger to British literary property which it involves, but also on higher grounds. It is unlikely that Germany will retaliate in kind at this late day after the resolutions passed by her publishers early in the war to continue to respect enemy literary property. But Great Britain and her colonies have, by this action of the government, ceased to be members of the international copyright union.

It remains to be seen whether her French and Italian allies will follow Great Britain's example.

Swift and the Irish Language.

A correspondent who endeavored lately to show that Dean Swift was not serious in his reflections on the Irish language, and that he "could not help being impressed with its liquid sounds, which make music to the ear," has favored us with a further elaboration of his opinion. His letter, with a few unimportant omissions, is printed in another column; the curious who desire a fuller statement of this untenable thesis are referred to O'Donoghue, in "The Irish Review"—apparently his chief authority, and an untrustworthy one.

The notion that Swift's "little people" were borrowed from the old Irish tale of the Death of Fergus mac Leide may be dismissed at once as too fantastic for serious discussion. There is not the faintest resemblance either in detail or in spirit between the two narratives, though it is not incredible that a likeness might be fancied by a critic who holds the names Gulliver and Glomar to be "strikingly similar." As well say the name Lilliputian is merely another form of Leprechaun.

It is greatly to be regretted that his "considerable research" did not lead Mr. O'Reilly to original sources. He trusts so implicitly in the ingenious misrepresentations of Mr. O'Donoghue that he is even betrayed into a false quotation. Swift says nothing, either ironically or otherwise, about replacing the prefixes Bally, Kill and Clon, by Booby, Fool and Dunce. What he does say is that though he would Anglicize the names of country habitations in Ireland he "would by no means trust these alterations to the owners themselves," who have neither imagination nor learning enough for the task. As an instance of stupid renaming he mentions Bessborough, the seat of one whose wife's name was Elizabeth; likewise Whigborough, the simple conceit of an ardent party man. It is to such as these that he offers Mount Loggerhead, Dunce Hill and the like as "proper to express the talents of the owners." Bally, Kill and Clon are never once mentioned, and were apparently introduced by the irresponsible Mr. O'Donoghue in a desperate effort to establish a case hopeless on the face of it.

Swift's remarks on Whigborough may serve to explain the passage from another tract relating to the national religion. Touching the risk of choosing names that may not always be in favor, he observes that the Presbyterian squires, in spite of manifest encouragement, had not begun to call their country abodes Mount Regicide, Canting Brook, Covenant Hall and the like, adding that "there may probably come a time when those kind of sounds may not be so grateful to the ears of the kingdom." He is clearly glancing at the same old enemies in the ironical passage our correspondent italicizes in imitation of Mr. O'Donoghue. Surely, no one who knows anything of Swift could possibly suppose that he was not at all times an uncompromising upholder of the Established Church.

But these are not the only occasions on which Swift dwelt on the necessity of teaching English to those he called "the poor popish natives." He returns to the subject in one of his sermons, recommending the foundation of schools in every parish. "This," he says, "would, in time, abolish that part of barbarity and ignorance for which our natives are so despised by all foreigners." If this was meant ironically then we are forced to the conclusion that he was not serious when in the same breath he proceeded to recommend the inculcation of cleanliness, honesty, thrift, industry and religion.

There is no reason in the world to believe that he did not mean exactly what he said about the opinion of foreigners. In the "Barbarous Denominations" he complains particularly that "the bad consequence of this opinion affects those among us who are not the least liable to such reproaches, farther than the misfortune of being born in Ireland, although of English parents, and whose education has been chiefly in that kingdom." It is just so he speaks of himself in a private letter to Lord Oxford: "I happened, indeed, by a perfect accident, to be born here . . . and thus I am a Teague, or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England." We find the same thought expressed many times in his writings. As to his knowledge of the language, the supposed translation describing an Irish feast is no evidence at all. On the other hand, in comparing the Irish and English cottagers in a letter to Wogan he confines his observations on the former expressly to those "who could speak our language," thus plainly implying that he could not speak theirs.

There is nothing, in short, in any of Swift's writings to show the slightest knowledge of the Irish language, or the slightest interest in it except as an encumbrance to be abolished as one step in the civilization of those whom he called Irishmen of the savage kind.

The Triumphant Flapper.

Just as happened in the case of "boche," the excellent name of "flapper" has spread so rapidly into everyday speech that its antecedents are already obscure. England gave it birth, and one favorite etymology ascribes its origin to the flapping pigtail of the fourteen-year-old girl. Perhaps. To-day such details are aside the mark. A flapper is a flapper because not only pigtail but body and soul are in the word.

Now a Fifth Avenue shop has applied the word as a trade-name to its frocks for the flapping years of twelve to sixteen, something less than a *jeune fille* and something more than a child. Silhouette is now the word with which to conquer in tailordom, and we gather that the silhouette of the flapper requires and has received special attention. But what occurs to us, in our modest and inexpert mind, is the fact that in all this attention the flapper has not been modified—it is the flapper that is steadily conquering the silhouette of the world.

In New England you may still see comfortably rotund and bumpy-figured grandmothers and great-aunts. They appear much in black and are given to delightful lace caps. But colors, garments and materials are not the important point. It is the structure, the contour, the composition, which are to be marked. These are ample, restful and flowing, consorting accurately with the spirit of the years represented. The New Englander arriving on Fifth Avenue may well wonder what we do with our old ladies. At home there are thousands; here there are almost none. The explanation is not as tragic as might be feared. We have our grandmothers quite as much as Boston, and very admirable and delightful grandmothers they are, too. But they do not often look the part. The Bostonian might rub elbows with a hundred grandmothers on Fifth Avenue and never guess it. He might be puzzled by the oddly mature faces of some of our flappers. He would never guess the truth.

This is to be the year of the "flat silhouette," we read. That means nothing less than the apotheosis of the flapper. Tall and short, fat and lean must stifle or expand their natures and pour themselves as nearly as may be into the flat, lanky costume of the fourteen-year-old. We have yet to read anywhere of pigtails for grandmothers. But that is the logical consequence. It will be a good year for Bostonians to remain at home.

Swift and the Irish Language.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I had to delay a reply to your editorial, "Sinn Fein Two Hundred Years Ago," as I had not an opportunity in two weeks to visit a good library. With the greater part of your article I am in thorough accord, but after considerable research I am more strongly convinced than before that Swift borrowed his "Lilliputians" and "Brobdingnagians" from a pre-Christian Irish tale and that his strictures on the Irish language were written in an ironical vein.

There is convincing evidence that Swift was not unacquainted with the Irish language, as his poem "O'Rourk's Noble Feast" is acknowledged by himself to be a translation. This translation is so close to the Irish text that it could not be accomplished by a person unacquainted with the language of the original.

The old Irish story treating of the dwarfs and giants will be found in "Silva Gadelica," a collection of tales in Irish, edited by Standish H. O'Grady. The title of the tale is "Aidedh Fergusa Meic Leide." Is not the idea of Swift's "Lilliputians" and "Brobdingnagians" in this old tale? Even the name Glomar, the hero of the dwarf nation, is strikingly similar to the name Gulliver.

With regard to the second point in contention, whether Swift's attack on the Irish language is to be taken in a literal or ironical sense, it may be said that irony runs through all Swift's writings. In a tract, "An Answer to Several Letters Sent Me by Unknown Hands," he writes: "It would be a noble achievement to abolish the Irish language in the kingdom so far at least as to oblige all the natives to speak English on every occasion of business. . . . This would in a great measure civilize the most barbarous among them, reconcile them to our customs and manners of living and reduce great numbers to the national religion, *whatever kind may then happen to be established.*" Is this passage to be taken in its literal sense?

In another tract, "On Barbarous Denominations in Ireland," he says that gentlemen who favor the speaking of Irish must never visit England, as he never remembers any one who did speak it but retained some trace in his accent. He suggests that names beginning with Bally or Kill or Clon should be altered to Booby Borough, Fool Brook, Puppy Ford, Mount Loggerhead and Dunce Hall.

There seems to be no justification why his remarks on the Irish language should be taken literally when his reasons for suppressing the language and the place names are so evidently ironical. Any person who may care to pursue this subject further I would refer to "The Irish Review" (1912-'13), which will be found in the New York Public Library.

M. O'REILLY.

New York, Sept. 25, 1916.

Apples for All.

(From The Minneapolis Journal.)

This year there is one crop of which there is enough. The prospective yield of the apple trees of the United States is 67,670,000 barrels—enough to give every man, woman and child of us two bushels.

Besides this, there is the enormous waste due to the thousands of bushels rotting on the ground under the trees, though in the nearest cities many find apples too expensive to buy. It is on such things as apples that our machinery of distribution seems to break down.

And the apple is one of the best fruits on the list. The rhyme,

An apple a day
Keeps the doctors away,

doubtless has its modicum of truth. We eat too much meat and too much pastry, and not enough fruit. Last year apples were a fairly large crop, yet the best apples in the cities brought five cents each all through the season.

This is one of the crying maladjustments of our economic system, concerning which books have been written but regarding which little of practical value is done.

This year again there are apples to burn, or, rather, to bake, but good apples no doubt will continue to bring high prices at retail.

TO A NEUTRAL PEOPLE.

(From The Westminster Gazette.)

First of the neutral nations, apart and aloof from war,
The hearts of the world your kingdom and the earth your nursery floor,
If under your playroom windows the great powers grapple and die,
Above the dust of the battle is a patch of your own blue sky.

Your dreams are above disaster; if you pause in your game for Death
Your sadness is but for a moment and blown away at a breath.
Kingdoms and courts and banners, armies and cannon and ships—
Were they not builded only to keep that smile on your lips?

To you all power is paltry, all pomp but a little thing,
Whose kiss may be kept from a Kaiser, whose favor withheld from a King;
Whose truth is the seal of treaties, whose faith is the end of the war,
Whose ultimate only fortress is a pile of sand on the shore.

That kingdom and this shall totter, that flag and the next shall fall,
But your snow-white banner forever shall swing in the sun o'er all.
When the graves are as grass untrodden and the war-scarred ranks dismiss
Ye shall link new dreams with laughter and heal the world with a kiss.

W. H. O.

The Three-Penny Lunch.

(From Poetry.)

There's a three-penny lunch
On Dover Street,
With a dingy sign
In the window, "Eat."
Three steps down
To the basement room,
Two gas jets
In a sea of gloom.
A four-square counter,
Stove in the centre.
Heavy odor
Of food as you enter.
A kettle of stew
As large as a vat.
Beef and potatoes,
Morsels of fat,
Bubbling up
In a savory smoke.
Food for the gods
When the gods are broke.

A wrecked divinity
Serving it up.
A slice of bread
And a steaming cup
Three-penny each;
Or two for a nickel.
An extra cent
For a relish of pickle.
Slopping it down,
No time for the graces.
What do they care,
These men with faces
Gaunt with hunger,
Battered with weather
In walking the streets
For days together?
No leisurely sipping
Or leisurely talk.
The rule of the place
Is "Eat and Walk."
Eat and walk,
No matter where.
There's a waiting line
At the foot of the stair.

At the three-penny lunch
On Dover Street,
Men eat to live
And live to eat.
They waste little time
On table talk;
For the rule of the place
Is "Eat and Walk."

JAMES NORMAN HALL.

Salut Aux Morts.

(From Life.)

Armies come marching by in surging sweep,
With banners gleaming and set, staring eyes;
With hideous mouthing of exultant cries,
And grinning howitzers and swords that leap,
I see the shattered backs and limbs they reap,
The harvest which in war now fructifies,
The ruddy vintage as it multiplies;
And trampled o'er, the scarlet waste grown deep.

The bugles shriek the armed hostility;
The clashing hosts charge to their final bed.
The sons of England and of Germany,
Of France—all children, aye, of Christ who bled!
Go sweeping through man's thunderous tragedy.
They only reach the Light who are the Dead.

HAROLD BULLARD.

The Little Ships.

(From Punch.)

["The small steamer —— struck a mine yesterday and sank. The crew perished."—Daily Paper.]

Who to the deep in ships go down
Great marvels do behold.
But comes the day when some must drown
In the gray sea and cold,
For galleons lost great bells do toll.
But now must we implore
God's ear for sunken Little Ships
Who are not heard of more.

When ships of war put out to sea
They go with guns and mail,
That so the chance may equal be
Should foemen them assail;
But Little Ships men's errands run
And are not clad for strife;
God's mercy then on Little Ships
Who cannot fight for life.

To warm and cure, to clothe and feed,
They stoutly put to sea,
And since that men of them had need
Made light of jeopardy;
Each in her hour her fate did meet,
Nor flinched nor made outcry;
God's love be with these Little Ships
Who could not choose but die.

To friar and nun, and every one
Who lives to save and tend,
Sisters were these whose work is done
And cometh thus to end;
Full well they knew what risk they ran
But still were strong to give;
God's grace for all the Little Ships
Who died that men might live.

Balm.

(From The Westminster Gazette.)

I, when I fought in battles as a boy—
Not without gallantry and blood and pain—
Came home to you, my mother, showed my wound—
Soon 'twould be well again.
You bound the kerchief on the poor sore place;
'Spite of the twinges how my pride would swell;
You guessed my cause was just and held me brave,
And—kissed the poor place well.

I, that have fought in sterner battles now,
I have come home, O England, I, thy son:
Ease the sick pain with laughter—as of old
Let questionings be done.
You will not ask me how and when and where,
And every detail of my woes to tell;
Only your silent solace and your cheer
Shall "kiss the poor place well."

D. M. TAYLOR.

THE OLD POILU

The Marne: Verdun: The Somme

Louis Raemaekers, in "Land and Water."

THE LITTLE CORPORAL—MON GAMIN

By ARTHUR GLEASON.

I.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.

We were in the barracks of the 8th Regiment of Artillery. They have been converted into a home for refugees, but the old insignia of famous victories still adorn the walls. We were talking with Mme. Derlon. She is a refugee from Pont-à-Mousson, widowed by German severity. But unlike so many women of Lorraine whom I met, she still could look to her line continuing. For while she sat slightly bent over and tired, Charles, her fifteen-year-old son ("Fifteen and a half, monsieur,") stood tall and straight at her side. While the mother told me her story I looked up from her and saw on the wall the escutcheon of the regiment and I read in illuminated letters the names of the battles in which it had fought:

Austerlitz .... 1805.
Friedland .... 1807.
Sebastopol ... 1854.
Solferino .... 1859.

At the beginning of the war her husband was ferryman of the Moselle, she said. He carried civilians and soldiers across. Their little son, then thirteen years old, liked to be near him and watch the river and the passing of people. The boy had discovered a cellar under the bridge—a fine underground room, well vaulted, where, boylike, he had hidden tobacco and where he often stayed for hours, dreaming of the bold things he would do when his time came and he would be permitted to enlist.

During the early battles the bridge had been blown up. So Father Derlon was kept very busy ferrying peasants and stray soldiers from bank to bank. One day three German patrols came along. Charles was standing by the bridge watching his father sitting in the wherry. The boy stepped down into his underground room to get some tobacco. He was gone only five minutes. When he came back the three Germans said to him:

"Your father is dead."

It was so. They had climbed the bridge and fired three times—one explosive bullet had entered the ferryman's head and two had shattered his arm. The Germans said he had been carrying soldiers across, and that it was wrong to carry soldiers.

"The little one came home crying," said Mme. Derlon. "Since that moment the little one left home without telling me. He did not send me any news of himself. I searched everywhere to try to find a trace of him. Monsieur Louis Marin, the Deputy, told me he had seen a boy like my little one following the soldiers. Actually he had been adopted by the 95th Territorial Regiment."

He told the soldiers that he had just seen his father killed by the Germans. One of the captains took him under his protection. The boy insisted on becoming a fighter. He was brave, and they made him corporal. He fell wounded in action, winning the Croix de Guerre.

Charles Derlon, the little corporal of the 95th Infantry, has a bright, open face, but it is a face into which has passed the look of responsibility. In one moment he became a man, and he has that quiet dignity of a boy whom older men respect and make a comrade of. He holds himself with the trim shoulders and straight carriage of a little soldier of France.

One of us asked him:

"And weren't you afraid, my boy, of the fight?"

"It is all the same to me," he replied, "when I get used to it."

"And you are away from the army now—on permission?" we asked.

Very proudly he answered:

"No, monsieur. I am on leave of convalescence for three months. I have been wounded in three places—two wounds in my arm and one in my leg."

II.

MON GAMIN.

One day when I was in Lorraine a woman came to me carrying in her hands a boy's cap and a piece of rope. She was a peasant woman about forty years of age, named Mme. Plaid. She said:

"You see, monsieur, I found him in the fields. He was not in the house when the Germans came here. I thought that my little scamp (mon gamin) was in danger, so I looked everywhere for him. He was fourteen years old, only that—at least, he would have been in September, but he seemed to be all of nineteen with his height and his size.

"I asked the Prussians if they had not seen my little scamp. They were leading me off and I feared that they would take me away with them. The Prussians said that somebody had fired on them from my house.

"'Your son had a rifle with him and he fired on us, just like the others,' they said.

"I answered: 'My little scamp did not do anything, I am sure.'

"'What shirt did he have on?' they asked.

"'A little white shirt, with red stripes,' I replied.

"They insisted that he was the one that had fired.

"When the cannonading stopped the people who had been with me told me that they had seen a young man lying stretched out in the field, but they could not tell who it was. I wanted to see who it was that was lying there dead, and yet I drew back.

"'No,' I said to myself. 'I am too much afraid.'

"But I crossed the field. I saw his cap which had fallen in front of him. I came closer. It was he. He had his hands tied behind his back.

"See, here is the cord with which he had been killed. For he had not been shot; he had been hanged."

She held out to us the cord—a coil of small but strong rope.

"And here is the cap."

She was holding the gray cap in her two hands.

"When I saw him I said to the Prussians:

"'Do the same thing to me now. Without my little scamp I cannot go on. So do the same to me.'

"Three weeks later I went again to search for my little scamp. I did not find him any more. The French soldiers had buried him with their dead."

In Behalf of Gladness.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: In a recent issue of The Tribune you criticise with what seems undue severity the book and dramatization of "Pollyanna."

One readily grants that the "glad book" has no real literary merit (how few popular plays have!) but many have found in this example of "sentimental absurdity" recreation from the horrors of war and its unprecedented sorrows. If the little story is a "misrepresentation of life," why not leave to those who have found rest therein—rest and a fleeting happiness, perhaps—that gladness possibly unknown to the more critical mind?

It would seem that the public might welcome being "duped" by the "Pollyanna" brand as a change from the "white slave" and problem plays of the past seasons, toward which your editorial criticism might be more justifiably directed.

PORTIA STARR FITZHUGH.

Brooklyn, Oct. 4, 1916.

How Germany Lost Paris.

(Continued from page 1.)

of the Yser and the Ypres. Not a French army had been destroyed, not a French army had been captured. The great battle that was to come six weeks after the declaration of war had come; it had been a French victory, not a Waterloo or a Sedan, but a Gettysburg, a victory compelling a general German retreat and dislocating their whole strategic conception. After that retreat it had never been possible to regain the offensive and renew the bid for a decision. Each separate offensive effort from St. Mihiel to Nieuport had been beaten down almost where it had started.

Save for Russian defeat at Tannenberg, the defeat at the Marne might have necessitated a retreat to the Rhine. Hindenburg's victory had given Germany two more months in the West. She had used them up, and now the Eastern situation had become critical. Russian pressure in East Prussia had not recalled German corps from the Marne or before the Marne. But Russian victories in Galicia, the disasters that had overtaken Austria and seemed to forecast her collapse, the crisis in Hindenburg's operations at Lodz, all cried out for attention.

November 15, then, sees the end of the effort that began on August 5 before Liège. In that time Germany had overrun Belgium and occupied more than 8,000 square miles of France and devastated more thousands; she had approached Paris, and on September 5 its towers were visible where her armies stood, but within sight of the prize she had been compelled to recoil, and from that hour until the end in Flanders her strategy had conformed to Joffre's and her purposes had all been wrecked in conflict with his will.

Behind her trench lines Germany now held most of the industrial regions of France and the larger share of French machinery and minerals. All Belgium, save one tiny morsel, was in her hands. France, after her terrific struggle, was in no shape to take the offensive, and almost two years were to pass before Britain could begin to put sufficient force in the trenches to permit the beginning of a considerable offensive. The German prevision in the matter of heavy artillery and machine guns gave her a real and long enduring advantage in trench war.

But the other side of the picture was unmistakable. Germany had staked all on a quick decision; she had become involved in a long war. She had planned to dispose of her enemies in detail, destroying first French military establishments and then Russian. She had failed to destroy France, and Russian armies were now pounding down to the Carpathians.

Despite her manifest gains and her brilliant preliminary victories, Germany had, then, lost the first round of the war. She had lost it at the Marne, and all her desperate struggles from the Marne to the Yser had availed her nothing. Now at last she must go East and deal with Russia; new horizons and new victories beckoned, but while she turned her face east Britain and France, behind the dike they had erected in the West, began to gather up their strength for a renewal of their offensive in a future which was far more distant than they could dream.